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No. 12.

THE FOUR GATES.

BY MRS. MOORE.

Four gates there are that open into heaven:
The first of sheepfold关闭, fold on fold;

The second parting is, the third of pearl;

The fourth of wrought work of jewel-

gold.

The smelting gate they only enter in,

In which the heart is wholly disengaged;

"Good works" the portal, "parts of heart,"

the pearl;

The gates they who've been tried, nor

wanting found.

Worthy of earth, heartbeats and faint,

there came;

A violet spirit to the purple gate;

Its violet folds were closed, and opened not;

To give one glimpse of heaven's gloire.

On to the jacinth gate the traveler went;

Its amber crystal rose like wall of glass;

Not open at her imploring eye;

"Within to let the weary wanderer find

the gate of pearl."

The gate of pearl with prism glowing thine,

Its golden folds were closed, and opened not;

For "good works" the golden gate;

Our King awaits thee there, there he not afraid."

Emboldened then, the woman bade her on;

The gates were open; through on either side

Wielded the amaranth wreathes and staves of harp;

Fronting the winged hosts of seraphim.

Amazed, the matron in her bower said:

"What wrought I, Lord, for thy dear name

That should not meet me at the gate of gold?"

Accused, my good name robust of

accusation.

"Living for others, thou had lived for me;

Conquering thyself, the conqueror's crown is given;"

Fallen, she was committed to thy care,

Heath brought her through the golden gate to heaven.

And now no longer weary nor wearisome,

She stands before the golden gates still;

But free as angels are to do God's will,

Now to the way worn on this planet left,

In those realms phantasie, home, on sun and moon;

The know not whence the calm awaking.

To them oftentimes like a river flows;

Ab, messengers there are from heaven to earth,

In these our days, as in the days of old;

And back again to strengthen and console;

Are they who enter by the gate of gold?

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEATH FLAG.

Darker and darker grew the twi-light of the summer night. The glow of the sunset had faded in the northwest, giving place to the cold light that has been like death, but still more sombre, as rived for Miss Pomeroy; either in the shape of carriage or servants.

At the open window of the large drawing room of the White House, Joan sat, wondering much that no one came for her—her brother Guy, her father, and her mother had come forth to the day's visit as a matter of duty, rather than pleasure, and it had not proved agreeable to her; the instinctive dislike to Mrs. Wynde and her daughter made itself manifest, and she felt for shocked and angry though Joan herself was at the matter connected with the keeper's daughter, she did not like or approve of the contemptuous tone assumed by Mrs. Wynde. Condemnation may be given to such a soul. Although her day's pleasure had been entirely spoilt by the arrival of Joan, she did not feel that to appear. Silent and preoccupied, her entertainers had her thoughts, and extremely absurd in regard to that Sybilla Gaunt.

"Ten o'clock," exclaimed Joan, starting up from her seat on the floor of the drawing room, and running over from the gilt clock on the mantelpiece. "Indeed I must go. You will allow one of your servants to see me home, Mrs. Wynde."

"Only ten, my dear; only ten o'clock.

"I can't imagine why I have not been sent for."

"But I am, my dear Miss Pomeroy. The lord has a gentleman's dinner party this evening, as you know, relay upon it, your brother Guy intends to come for you when you are home, and he will get rid of his guests, and be at liberty."

So spoke, so thought Mrs. Wynde. She knew nothing of the dismissal given to Guy Pomeroy by her daughter the day before. Alice was silent and spiritless; she could not bear the evening meal out to meet the host.

So Joan, at the entrance of Mrs. Wynde, consented to sit a tiny little longer. In truth, she thought the reason assigned by that Guy would suffice one.

Not a breath of air could be felt, though the windows were flung up to their utmost height; not as much as a feather disturbed the wax lights. It was a very handsome drawing room, all gilding and mirrors, and a large piano forte, quite a contrast to the state room across Pomeroy's.

"All numerous riches, like themselves," thought Joan, with scant satiety.

A loud peal was heard at the hall door. It proved to be old Jerome. He brought the news. The ladies, in their anxiety, had him into the drawing room to listen to it.

The Lord of Pomeroy had been taken ill at the dinner table. But he had sat out the repast briefly; allowing nothing of his indisposition to be seen. At nine o'clock he made an apology for retiring, putting it upon the score of fatigue, leaving the room without saying a word, and then he had become rapidly worse.

"Why did not Mr. Rupert come for me?" demanded Miss Pomeroy of old Jerome.

"He might know that I should naturally not be with you," said old Jerome.

"Mr. Rupert does not know the lord is ill, Miss Joan," was the man's answer.

"He went out with the gentlemen when they left. Mr. Pomeroy was going out, but I whispered him to stay behind, and he followed me."

Rupert had called to a little dog that ran out of the quadrangle, not paying attention immediately.

"You think so, do you Joan?"

"One would judge so, by your tone."

"Miss Joan, I believe you were forgotten."

"It's as true as that I am here," added Jerome, with a smile, and then turned to say to Mrs. Wynde, one of Father Andrew, and the house was all in confusion.

Mrs. Wynde had been told of all that had happened.

"How could I tell?" said Guy.

"Alice, you must tell me."

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could not be uncertain. According to another report, Rydile had run away, abandoning her home and her father, to his terrible consternation, and left not a word behind to say where he had gone or what he was doing. No news was heard of her. It was believed that the game keeper received letters from her occasionally, but they were not sent to his father. He performed his duties as usual, just as if no trouble had fallen upon him. Just as if he had been born to do them. There was no sign of his having been disturbed, he could prove his importance, whatever from rich or poor, with so high a hand as the old bird had done in his knighted days. How it was, or where Rydile was, nobody knew.

One day John had spoken to thought of Rydile. It was about a month back. In passing his ledge she had halted to admire the spring flowers, so abundant and kept in such nice order, not perceiving that knightly figure. He came up, and then stood face to face, Jones beginning to speak lightly of the blossoming buds just as though nothing else could be in either of their thoughts. But there was a sadness in the man's beautiful features, and his deep blue eyes had turned all over a quiescent and dolorously pale heart, a quietness to him, lowering his color.

"Have you heard of Rydile? Is she well?"

"She is quite well. Thank you truly. Mine is the last inquiry."

There was a strange expression in the man's manner as he spoke his thanks; there was not a look of time that could be construed into the smallest hint of shame or confusion; never had he given a more glib performance. Jones, however, knew that John had great trouble, and he observed the man's situation vaguely—that would not let it be seen he felt the disgrace that had come to him. And hurriedly that truth was all he could say to him, lowering his color.

"I have to import to you that there is a word which I can't say, but I can't say it without offending you, that you wish to address me cannot be carried out."

What is the last?"

"I did not mean—A wave of some strong heat flushed like water over his face. His color became strangely agitated.

"Not that kind of word for another?"

"No. Alice, do not say it. I am afraid to say it, I am afraid to speak the truth, she whispered. I do hear an

angry look on her face."

"Dashed!"

"Yes. Dashed. For it must have been done in secret. To himself. Your mother knows nothing of this."

"I am concerned."

Caught in A Snare.

BY RICHARD WILLIAMS.

I had secured the shortest seat by the fire, and was looking out of the window at the exterior of the building. In the distance I saw the south end of a schoolroom, and I was about to ascertain to whom the room belonged when I heard a noise coming from the schoolroom, and I went to the door to see what it was.

The following morning we were all in the schoolroom, and I was walking with Miss Frost. She was wearing a pair of dark green stockings, and a dark green dress, and a dark green coat. Her hair was powdered, and she had a dark green hat.

"I am going to speak to you again," said I.

"And so I am. For it must have been done in secret. To himself. Your mother knows nothing of this."

"I am concerned."

Oct. 18, 1874.

HYMIA'S LOVE SONG.

BY R. MULVERN LYTTON.

The wind and the rose loved one,
And the rose loved it; but,
For who redeems the wind when it blows,
Or she?

None know whence the humble wind stirs,
Poor sport of the skies.
None dreamt that the wind had a soul;
In its mirth,

O happy! how east thou prove!
That bright love of thine,
Thy light is the proof of thy love;
The world has not to strive!

How true canst thou reveal?
Unknown to me, I have seen
Music—music to my rose let it steal—
It groaned to—die!

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOUCESTER TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XI.

As Violet had foreseen, glances of wonder and admiration were cast upon her. Lady Rolfe was bitterly annoyed; here was the girl chosen by Sir Owen, while her own daughter was unnoticed. Mrs. Hunter did not know whether to be glad or sorry; for it was a great thing to have two daughters there, and to see that his son had evidently got a perfectly at home, but Sir Owen should have danced with Miss Rolfe, certainly not with Violet.

Sir Owen however was gradually indifferent, a man possessed of forty thousand per annum is master of almost every situation, and he certainly was master of this. He enjoyed the quadrille very much.

"I had no idea *afrezzo* dancing was so pleasant," he said; "dancing makes me, I suppose, what you call a gentleman."

"That is Mr. Felix Lonsdale," she replied. And he fancied the warm blush that came over her face was of his making.

"Lonsdale! Is not that the name of the lawyer who forged a will, or some thing of that kind?" said Sir Owen.

She looked up at him horrified by the words.

"You are making a grave mistake, Sir Owen," she said. "Mr. Lonsdale was falsely accused of having influenced one of his clients to leave him money, but it was not him."

"True or not, I wish that I were his place, and not Sir Owen."

"Because you defend him. I wonder, if you heard evil spoken of me whether you would defend me?"

"People speak evil of you," she added.

"I suppose so," was the careless reply; "not that I care. Why should I care? Nothing of that kind matters to me. But I know they tell queer stories about me. They say I drink and gamble—they may be right, but I don't care. It's all scandal to me. Now if you heard those things said of me, would you defend me?"

"How can I answer you? You forget that I have never seen you before."

"Yet you defend this Lonsdale. Do you know him?"

"The Mr. Lonsdale who has suffered so unjustly is the father of the gentleman in whom you saw me speaking," she replied. "He is but one of the oldest friends I have in London."

"I suppose you well knew that her lover had the statuette beauty of a Greek girl."

"I never waste one thought on a man's face," he replied.

But Violet's quick instinct told her the awkward Barretton was jealous of the young lawyer.

The quadrille was over, but he would not leave her. She must go with him to some refreshments—he was sure she felt tired. If he had only known, he would have sent all kinds of choice fruits over for the fete, but how could he forego the pleasure of society herself were to be present?

It was all fatuity, but very pleasant fatuity, when offered by a man worth four thousand per annum. It was plain too to know that every time he spoke to her, she was more and more thinking and longing for him. She could not help contradicting her present position with that she had occupied half an hour previously.

Felix Lonsdale had been but coldly received. No one seemed to find out who was the son of a man whose face was darkened by a dark cloud. The old man had not received him very kindly. Lady Rolfe had passed him with a bow; Mrs. Browne had held out two fingers for him to shake, and Mrs. Hunter had given him a very weak smile. Barretton had shaken hands with him and then looked round very quickly to see if any one had observed it. He had not been "cut," so no one had been pointedly uncivil, but he had been duly received. Violet had been old enough to be more or less like him, but he had himself, when she stood talking to him. Felix had a strange feeling as though she were in some manner sharing his disgrace—as though she, too, were under a cloud.

Now it was so different. Sir Owen's eyes were bright, he behaved more like a man who had never troubled themselves to speak to her before now; were falconry polite to her. It was but reflected glory, she knew; still it was very pleasant.

Sir Owen insisted on her taking some refreshments with him, and when she had been a princess; she could not tell him why he had left behind her the world of sorrow, pain and disgrace in which, through sympathy with him, she had been living so long.

"Here is your friend," said Sir Owen; and, looking up suddenly, she saw Felix at the entrance of the tent looking wistfully at her.

At first something like impatience vexed him. It was such a magnificent trifling for her to let her enjoy it—he might have waited a few minutes. It was not every day that she was waited upon by a rich baronet and envied by other women; she might never see Sir Owen again; she might never see him again with Felix. Surely he might have waited a few minutes longer; but no, he was coming to her, and her triumph was end; she had no idea of resisting his will, and rose from her seat. Sir Owen looked at her in amazement.

"Are you going?" he asked. "I was just about to propose to ask if you would

go with me to see the flowers; they have some very fine ones here, I am told."

"She looked helplessly from me to the others, and then knew how to refuse such a tempting offer from Sir Owen; it would be an unequalled triumph for all the guests to see her—to see how proud and pleased he was to escort her through the great room. She had equally little desire to leave Felix, who had waited for her with such delight to follow her. So the beautiful eyes glanced first at one and then the other, while the white fingers toyed with the pretty flowers she held up until their scented leaves fell on the floor. Felix cut like Gordian knot for her.

"Pardon me for the interruption," he said. "Miss Haye was kind enough to propose me the honor."

He took the arm, placed it on his shoulder, and led her from the tent.

The Baronet stood looking after them with more than amazement in his face.

"What unequalled impertinence!" he said. "The father of such a man as that would be capable of forcing half a dozen wives."

"Oh, Felix," said Violet; "I am afraid you have offended him!"

"I do not care if he has. Violet. You are mine; no man has had her before. I know it is the same thing. You are my promised wife, and no one shall take you away from me even for one hour. Come away from all these people—I want to talk to you. Come down the avenue of chestnut trees."

He mastered her by his stronger will, she went without one word. They walked slowly down the avenue of chestnut trees, the sunlight glancing on her golden hair and face.

"Let me look at you, Violet," he cried, with the passionate impatience of a young lover. "It seems to me that that man's presence near you must have dimmed your beauty as a poisonous air kills a flower. Let me look at you, my darling."

He held her hand and stood looking at her, watching the radiant face with such love in his eyes that a woman must have had a marble heart to resist him.

"No, he said; "you are just the same. I am not in love with you, Violet. Does not some one say that 'great love is madness'?" It is true. You must humor my fancies, sweet. Stand here; let this cool breeze blow over you—it will purify you from even the very breath and echo laws."

She laughed a low, tremulous laugh, but the words touched her. She stood quite still, and the western wind kissed her face, played with her golden hair, and watched the chestnut blossoms over her.

"You shall always have the echo of another man's words hanging over you," he said.

"Oh, Felix, how much you love me! It makes me tremble to think of it."

"Do you not understand it even yet?" he replied.

As she walked by her lover's side she could not help feeling the contrast. Who would ever—who could ever love her as this man did? Who in the whole wide world, she thought, had ever been so kind to her? The mere echo of his words thrilled her; they stirred the latent depths of her soul. How he loved her, this handsome, noble-hearted man! His very heart, his soul and life seemed wrapped up in her.

Even as she felt those things she could not help noticing the difference. When she crossed the lawn with Sir Owen she had met nothing but bows, smiles, glances of admiration. It concealed envy and wonder. Now that she was once again with Felix, she could not help admiring her present position with that she had occupied half an hour previously.

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CHAPTER XII.

The fete was over, but people still talked of it—the unexpected appearance of Sir Owen Chevrenay and his admiration for beautiful Violet Haye. Violet had said little at home; she had told her father that she had intended to come to see him, and Francis Haye had looked up in bewilderment.

"Coming to see me!" he cried. "What? Is that right?"

"It is about that, right of road," he continued. "I may save himself the trouble, for I shall never give in—ever."

And they looked at him. Lady Rolfe saw a stern, cruel set expression settle on his face.

"They are to be married in the spring, are they?" he asked slowly. "I suppose this young Lonsdale is very proud of that."

"With a question to ask me, Sir Owen. He is a man, and has eyes. I should not tell him what he is coming for."

"When a question to ask me, Sir Owen. He is a man, and has eyes. I should not tell him what he is coming for."

"Does she care for him?" he asked quickly.

"And to think that he should come to see us!"

Violet remembered her promise, she knew that Sir Owen would probably call about her garden hat, and, without saying a word, went out into the woods where no one could see her, and no servant could send after her. She sat there thinking over how Felix loved her, and how sweet it would be to herself, telling herself that she would not exchange his love for the world.

Why did he do this? Sir Owen so much? Why was he so anxious for her to be away during the night? She knew very well that he had done right, but she did not tell whether she had done right or wrong. She had told him that the girl was engaged and that it was quite useless for him to think of her, but what did that mean? Like most men, he had a very narrow mind. Violet Haye to Sir Owen. In the early part of the day, she had an uneasy feeling about it.

Sir Owen seemed to think that he had done all that was required of him. He rose from his seat, and left her ladyship at the door.

"I will go to Loxonia now," thought Lady Rolfe. "He will waste no more time over Violet Haye."

But Lavinia beamed upon him in her superb costume of marine silk all in vain—she passed her with a careless bow. The moment he had seen her before, before he left, he had an uneasy feeling about it.

It was well for his popularity that no one saw the lowering angry expression of his face as he crossed the croquet lawn.

"She would have her if I wanted her," he said to himself. "If ever other man on earth laid claim to her, and if I had to fight them all."

Lady Rolfe had unconsciously done the very thing to defeat her own purpose. The fact was that she had been so successful, so clever, so tactful, so winning, that he could not tell whether she had done right or wrong.

"It would be a triumph to win her, because he would be a double triumph if she was pleased with him," said Sir Owen, after congratulating him on his success.

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"She would have her if I wanted her," he said to himself. "If ever other man on earth laid claim to her, and if I had to fight them all."

"It is worth forty thousand a-year thousand! If you are a wise man, you will not say one word. Francis Haye—not one word, if you do, will you spoil it all."

When Violet returned, half dreading the rebuke that she felt sure must follow, there was no reference made to the Baronet or his visit, save that, in general terms, the father expressed himself much gratified.

The only perceptible difference was that the girl's parents treated her with even greater deference and affection than before.

That night—it was a lovely night in May—Violet, sitting with her parents, heard a signal that she knew well.

"It was a quick beating of her heart, when the Prince Regent took to wearing stays to conceal his growing corpulence, and his parasites, fat and lean, followed his example, the comet became fashionable among ladies."

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Violet hastened away, ostensibly to see that her mother or father were obeyed, but in reality to see if Felix were out.

She appeared half frightened as she answered him.

"Yes—I live at the Limes."

"I am glad to hear that," he said.

"I know little," he went on. "It is a pretty little place just outside Lifford. I have often admired it. Does your father hunt?"

"No, he is quite an invalid," she replied. Violet had hardly told him of her health, but he had noticed it.

"Ah, an invalid—very unfortunate! Not able to leave the house often. I suppose he would be able to go walking with his wife?"

"No—not often," replied Violet. "She has no objection to visitors, I suppose?"

"No," replied Violet; "she is pleased to go with him." And he was.

"I will go to see him to-morrow," he said. "I will go to see him to-morrow."

"Will you go to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes, I will," he replied.

"I am glad to hear that," she said again.

"I belong to you, Violet."

"I belong to you, Felix."

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Oct. 21, 1868.

5

WIFE, CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

When the black lettered list to the gods was
(The list of what Fate for each mortal be-
tides)

At the end of string of life a kind goddess re-
lented,
And split in three bimbing—wife, children
and friends.

In vain early Pluto maintained he was
For jades divine could not compass her;
The scheme of man's presence in earth was
denied,

The fair, the innocent, howe'er with wife, chil-
dren and friends.

If the stock of one blue is in stranger hands
rested;

The last, the last, I secured, oft in bankruptcy

But the next issues bills which are never
presented;

When drawn in the form of wife, children
and friends.

Let the wreath of known over freshen and
The laurel which o'er her dead favorite

Our love the willow, and long may it

Sound;

But with the tenor of wife, children
and friends.

SYLVIA;

The Fernley Pride.

You, he might have been kinder. My
heart was very sore just then, and his
want of sympathy was apparent; he com-
plained the vague craving to be still of
my mother, and said that I had a
general or special horror of her errors, and
showed a want of affection for himself,
forgetting in the first place that my in-
experience prevented my fully understand-
ing him, or seeing all he saw, from
partial and degenerate dispositions.

"You must think that affection for
you brought Mrs. Hale here," he said
coolly.

The words were few, but they quenched
my tears and covered my face with hot
tears. I did not know what to say to them, and in spite of what he had said, an-
other strong tendril of affection branched
out towards my despised mother.

"Why did she come, then? Do you
say that she is insignificant?"

"Insignificant for me! But I fear nothing
now on that score. She will be always ap-
peared for in the future if she holds no
communication with any one belonging to
me. I think she will not seek me again, since the moment she sees she will
have no more to do with Sylvia. I know
she is terrible for you, but I beseech you
not to bind yourself to the fact that she is an
utterly worthless woman."

"Worthless or not, I am her daughter.
She may keep her secret, but care

that she is well told of it. I am told
that you have settled my property on me;

please see that my mother's income is
drawn from mine. I will not have her
inherited to you."

"Up to that time I had been as pitiable
as his heart at a twist of silk. From the
moment we were engaged I had no other
will than his, nor other wish than the wish
to please him. Now at a sound all the
latent pride and passion of my nature
sprung to the surface."

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what I had said; for he took the only
masculine revenge of perfect silence, and
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Something in my husband's face warned
me that he had delayed speaking to
him even though I meant to speak
with him. He waited till his footsteps died away,
and then, with the apology of business, had
gone back to his private room. I took my
hat and wandered into the grounds.

The sun had long set, and the hour was
one of those that are peculiarly silent. Every-
thing had the strange, nameless aspect which
gradually fading light often gives.

Trees looked ghostly, rising from the sil-
very gray background, they appeared to
insist on an individuality which they
never claimed by day. Here a tall
birch-tree, leaning and distorted by its heavy cover
broke the mass of foliage to let me towards
me with strange significance; again an
other twisted bough plainly beckoned and pointed to something invisible to me.

At a little distance from the house a wide
avenue of trees gave out on the grounds.

I had passed by where a few

pollard willows fringed the banks and

mixed their leaves with tall swaying bul-
rushes and flags. Along the dark water a
mass of weeds and narrow grasses had
been concealed obstruction, and then
drawn on by the pulsing current, went on
the way languidly, leaving half its spoil be-
hind.

My feet were among wild flowers and
scattered through which the ground was
rusted with their dry, pining cry.

Across the water lay the large red
house, in a picturesque confusion of tall
pointed roofs, longing to different wings
and turrets, all softened by the grayness
of twilight and the richness of old
stone castings.

"Have you a desire ungratified which I
can supply, Sylvia?" he said gravely. "I
cannot bear to see you so unhappy. I saw
that foreign life did not remove your mod-
esty, and therefore thought you were
indecent."

"You have done your best to help
me, I know," I answered gratefully. "Do
not trouble yourself further; I am afraid it is hopeless."

The old scene have of
repeated itself, but I shall try to reuse my
hand."

"Because you prevent our understand-
ing each other. I have been thinking to
night, Sylvia."

She finished the sentence.

Afterwards I passed over it again.

In his slow, hesitating manner arrested my

attention. I lifted my face with sud-
den hope. Had the past been with him
that evening and revisited some of his
former feelings? His eyes were dimmed
as he met mine. He put his arms around
my shoulders almost idly, when some one tapped at the door, and we both
drew apart hurriedly. His sudden wished
for a few moments.

"I shall see you again to-night," De-
niel said, as he left the room and

went to meet my own, followed thither by Jesus,

who kept near like a dog. That even-
ing I most gladly had left alone.

"What hast thou, darling of my heart?
What hast happened to excite thee
so much? To vex thee anew?" she asked
me, when I told her such was not the case she still seemed un-
easy.

There from the crystal window twinkled
the light from his study. I lunged for the
privilege to enter the room, but he would
not let me in. I waited outside, impatience
wasted impatiently to do—start, a look of
anxiously checked anxiety, a look of
instant rising to hear what I wanted.

He quickly to open the door when, re-
buked and mortified, I moved towards it
and left him to his study.

"As I stepped outside, I have
heard him walk back with a sigh of re-
lief and left him."

What sound is that which sine the long
and hard?

Is he the gardener, and his wife
Stranger that any one should be allowed to

see us as we pass? I have entered into the mystery

of life and death, our deeper griefs give
fewer outward signs, and that, from self
respect and pity for those around me

we repose all that can be repensed, till
we leave the world.

If we all were to mourn
outside, the world would be too sad a place.

It is very right that those once
past probation should let a sigh
place a sob and a smile still often cover
that face.

CHAPTER X.

Two years passed.

I would not if I could tell much about
those two years, which confirmed day by
day the gradual estrangement of De-
niel and myself. My husband was very con-
siderate, very kind and attentive even to
watchfulness, but his heart went from me

slowly but surely from the hour when he
definitely realised that the woman calling
herself Mrs. Hale was my mother.

It was vain for him to be painfully re-
minded of her sins, and to grieve me.

He was insulted by his kisses, his affection
was a hollow mockery, and our continual
complaints only increased my pain.

The time was now come when he was
sufficient to keep and lines from his
face, where now infinite sadness, weariness
and impatience usurped the place of
happiness. But time brought no health
or smart but rather drew us further apart.

My love left that it was thrown back
upon itself, the knowledge that I was un-
willing to be his, and my own sense of
shame in his presence, and ease was
quenched. He saw and deplored this,
his remorseful pity almost broke my heart, I
fled from his companion to Jesus' sym-
pathy and ardent devotion. Also, I could
not have had worse company.

Two years had passed, and they were
spent chiefly in foreign travel, in which
occupation Denie's sense of justice pro-
cured me every possible distraction and
amusement. He plunged himself into
his studies with ardor, but not a friend.

A continual state of depression is no pro-
moter of cordial manners, and when my
best friend took back his office I wanted
nothing more than to be rid of him.

"You must think that affection for
you brought Mrs. Hale here," he said
coolly.

The words were few, but they quenched
my tears and covered my face with hot
tears. I did not know what to say to them, and in spite of what he had said, an-
other strong tendril of affection branched
out towards my despised mother.

"Why did she come, then? Do you
say that she is insignificant?"

"Insignificant for me! But I fear nothing
now on that score. She will be always ap-
peared for in the future if she holds no
communication with any one belonging to
me. I think she will not seek me again, since the moment she sees she will
have no more to do with Sylvia. I know
she is terrible for you, but I beseech you
not to bind yourself to the fact that she is an
utterly worthless woman."

"Worthless or not, I am her daughter.
She may keep her secret, but care

that she is well told of it. I am told
that you have settled my property on me;

please see that my mother's income is
drawn from mine. I will not have her
inherited to you."

"Up to that time I had been as pitiable
as his heart at a twist of silk. From the
moment we were engaged I had no other
will than his, nor other wish than the wish
to please him. Now at a sound all the
latent pride and passion of my nature
sprung to the surface."

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not to bind yourself to the fact that she is an
utterly worthless woman."

"Worthless or not, I am her daughter.
She may keep her secret, but care

that she is well told of it. She had the
white, outstretched hands; then I
suddenly feel strangely weak, the whole
landscape seems to rush at me and I know
it more."

Sobs, tears were on my lips and
checks when consciousness returned; a
sweet, strange perfume hung in the air;
my head leaned on my mother's bosom
and my heart beat like a drum. As I
lay there upon her face close to mine,
with an abrupt movement she laid my
head down on the grass, and drew off a
few minutes, covering her face with her
hands.

She lay still with closed eyes. A grassy
hopper chirped close to my ear; the stream
trickled on; fine sounds of rustling grasses
and waving flags were audible through
all the faint irregular beating of my heart.

"I am a fool," I said to myself, and
looked up at the sky. "I am a fool."

She was almost as passive under my
care as I had been under hers, and then
she suddenly put down her hands so that
I could not resist.

"I am a wicked woman. Don't
touch me child; I'm not fit to be touched.
Your husband is right; I have no
business with such as you. Let me go my
way to starvation or death; I want
nothing else."

"I am a wicked woman. Don't
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THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

There are gains for all our losses—
There are losses for all our gains;—
But then you are the mean, despotic,
It takes no thinking even to amaze.
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
But still we are the mean, despotic;
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished;
And we can't get it every here;
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Sir John's Preserves.

BY O. A. W.

The fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth, and played on the floor of those seated around the fire. Not then a brighter flame than the rest would go upwards, showing in strong relief the clear profile of a young girl of eighteen or nineteen, who sat, with beat head, listening to the low tones of a man several years older than herself. These were two Sir John, Chatswood, the owner of the old fashioned country house his wife, Lady Chatswood; their son, Frank, and five guests invited down for a little shooting in the carefully kept preserves belonging to the estate.

Sir John was proud of his preserves, and constantly took pride in the winter to carry off a little sport, which he joined in himself with as keen appreciation as he felt in his younger days; and his son brought down his college friends as often as he pleased. One of the latter was Alan Bentley, before whom was talking in the bairns' daughter, and to whom had already been staying in the house longer than any of the other guests, he still lingered, according not unwillingly to Frank's entreaties that he would remain for just one more day. The other four were gone on the last day, but now were back again, the last day's sport for them over, as far as Chatswood Hall was concerned.

The conversation was pretty general, the sportsmen recalling anecdotes of their several experiences of hunting days, when the talk culminated in there was a pause, which Lady Chatswood broke.

"I always suffer a great deal from nervousness during the season," she said, with a little shiver. "At first it is dread—!—expect every day to see some one brought home half killed; but one gets used to it. I am so thankful that it is at an end without any accident having occurred."

As another regular drew the general attention from the mother, Bentley took the daughter's hand in his, and held it.

"You do not share your mother's fears, do you, Kate?"

"I often feel it when I see you start home after a strenuous night's hunting, but I am not afraid it is just over," he replied.

"I am," he said, meaningly; and his tone chased away the slight pallor from Kate's cheeks.

"This kind of night makes one feel nervous," said the girl. "I wish you were not going to-morrow. What time do you start in the morning?"

"About seven o'clock. I think I

"I shall be down to see you off. How the wind means to-night?"

Later on in the evening Lady Chatswood drew Bentley on one side.

"Mr. Goodwin's words have made me feel frightened to-morrow is over, and you are all safe back again. You smile as though my fears were absurd; but I only know too well what dreadful things have happened mostly from the carelessness of those who will be careful to-morrow, for Katie asks."

"I will, certainly, if I can be more so than usual. Lady Chatswood; but I am not in the habit of carrying a loaded gun point at myself or at anybody else," he said, laughing. "The gun is almost as dangerous as the horse, and it makes more sense; for in my opinion it is only an idiot who carries firearms carelessly, out of bravado."

The next morning Kate kept her word, and was down, though her mother was not, to pour out the coffee for the sportsmen. She was dressed in a light, white, airy morning dress of holland, and had entirely forgotten the alarm of the previous night, now that the sun shone out brightly through the clouds, and the dismal moaning of the wind had ceased.

The party off, Bentley, leaving behind him the two most forward, went to bed. "Good-bye," said the lady. "Don't be any longer than usual, or mamma will be frightened."

"Sir John reckoned that we should be home about noon."

"Perhaps it will come to meet you," said Kate. "The others are awaiting for you at the bottom of the stairs."

"Good-bye, darling, for the present," he whispered, and hurried after them, looking up when he had descended the hill on which the house stood to wave his hand. The girl, with whom he had exchanged a few words, turned back over her shoulder to show that the action was complete.

The sport was good, and game plentiful. They were returning in good spirits, and laughing over the gaudy predictions of the night before when Bentley, who had been for a minute, in crossing a little torn path, become separated from the rest, saw two partridges rise from the brushwood bushes. He took aim and fired without an instant's hesitation, when one fell. As he ran to pick it up, a grouse from behind him, and when he started forward to ascertain the cause,

On the ground lay the form of a young girl, and his heart stood still with horror as he recognised the dress she wore. He hastened to raise her head, and found his fears realised, for it was Katie Chatswood, now dead, lying face down over her.

"My son was right," she said faintly. "I think it has killed me, Alan."

For the moment he thought her words were true, as her head fell back, and her eyes closed in a swoon. He called for help, however, and to his amazement Frank was at his side.

"Whatever, what have you done?" he exclaimed, turning pale as death, as he saw the blood stained dress and marble face of his sister.

"Killed her," groaned Bentley, as the others came up, and lifting her in his arms, he carried her toward the house.

"What is it?" asked Sir John, who brought up the rear, somewhat out of breath, not being so light and active as of old.

"An accident, father," said the young

man, hurying to his side. "It is only a faint. It is nothing serious. I haven't heard how it happened."

"Who was hurt, then?" asked the old man, impressed by his son's face and manner, and beginning to tremble.

The rest of the party had left them behind, hurrying to Bentley's assistance, and Frank, who was alone, The former hesitated, and then replied:

"It is Katie, father. Let us get home."

The old gentleman did not speak, but hastened on by his son's side.

At Chatswood Hall they found every one in consternation. Bentley had gone to the doctor, and Katie was still unconscious, in spite of her mother's efforts to restore her.

The visitors departed that same evening, feeling themselves in the way, Allan alone remaining.

The distance between life and death, while Allan felt himself the cause of all, and dared scarcely look at the pale, anxious faces of father, mother, and brother, lest he should read in them the reproaches that did not pass their lips. The sight of her almost drooping man while they thought of his courageous efforts and caused her suffering, and every man that escaped her pale lips found an echo in his own heart.

"My boy," said Frank, one day, "I will not let you go back to school again. You are not strong, and you will only add to our troubles by being down with brain fever in a day or two. It was an accident, and so no one blames you, you need not worry."

But Frank's remonstrances were useless, and Allan insisted on going. He clared out of danger his prediction was verified, and Allan's overstrained mental faculties gave way.

Katie recovered first, and, though pale and weak, insisted on helping to nurse him. She was willing to do this when he told her of his own evening, after the Brian had passed, holding his hand in hers. He looked at her in some wonder at first, and then a smile crept over his eyes.

"He told me you were better," he said, smiling; "but I hardly dared to tell him. Heaven is true."

It was some days after, when he was really stronger, that she was there again.

"Allan," she said softly, "do you know what you have been saying while you have been here? You are not strong, and you are not fit for school again."

Through the fine canopy a slender female figure descended in a waterproof. She did not notice me until quite abreast, where the light fell full upon her face. Then she gave one pale and beautiful glance. I saw two eyes—how pale and beautiful it was, and what a depth of misery lay in the starred mist.

It was a low neighborhood in which we lived, though separated by but a long alley from a fashionable West End street—a dangerous locality for a young girl at all times, and I was glad to see that she was safe. I took the two rods and began to carry, and so placed one in a hollow tree you passed, thinking to take it out on my back. I saw it there as I came to meet you, and feared some one might steal it, as I recognised it as Frank's. You were mistaken. It was not your gun that did the mischief. No, don't speak, let me finish. Do you remember that morning Frank took two guns with him—the new gun he had bought the day before, as well as his other. He found the two rods and took one to carry, and so placed one in a hollow tree you passed, thinking to take it out on my back. I saw it there as I came to meet you, and feared some one might steal it, as I recognised it as Frank's. You were mistaken. It was not your gun that did the mischief. No, don't speak, let me finish. 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**The Dumpy Duck.**

A dumpy duckling, piping and soft,
Was waddling to a shady crook.
The day was half-past noon beyond
When gray leaves rustled in the breeze.

One piping frog now slowly rose,
And through the duck's wide-plaid his nose.
He croaked, "Hark! here comes the master!
Let's come and tease this dumpy duck."

When ducky reached the shore, her eyes
Grew big as saucers with surprise.

A piping frog now slowly rose,
And through the duck's wide-plaid his nose.
He croaked, "Hark! here comes the master!
Let's come and tease this dumpy duck."

With a quiver, she sprang to one side,
While the piping frog came to see.
What a queer little thing he is!
And this frog asked with a stare,

"Pray who is this?"

Could any duckling's patience stand
Such a piping of this froggy band?

She started, and with a quiver and rage,
"Insult a duckyling of my age!"

And the piping frog croaked,

"For gaping wide-mouthed frogs to mock!

"Oh vanish! down you croaking crew,

And let me no more of you; you,

You'll soon be part all water-eater;

I'll run you up, so have a care,

And insult a ducky's wrath!"

The frightened ducky ran in haste,
Then plainly saw no time to waste;

But one uneasy night, half dead,

With terror, piping over duck's head,

And the piping frog croaked,

"Fool hounding with a sounding croak,

The piping frog near lost his life,

The duck was frightened into fits,

And the piping frog croaked,

"What monster is upon my back?"

What a queer little thing he is!

And the piping frog croaked,

"I must be off, or else I'll be dead."

Some silly little girls and boys

Would have been very glad to see her,

If nurse put out the candle light

And she had taken them up at night;

But I'd rather I'm hurt, no more,"

To say nothing I'm hurt, no more."

"80-80."

"Be sure, my child," said the widow to her little daughter, "that you always do just as you are told."

"I try to be ready,"

"Or any rate do what will do just as well," said the small house dog, as he lay blinking at the fire.

"You darling!" cried little Joan, and she sat down on the hearth and hugged him. But he got up and about himself, and turned his back, until the mother said to be out of the way, for though her arms were soft she had kept her doll in them, and that was made of wood, which hurts.

"What a dear, kind house-dog you are!" said little Joan, and she meant what she said, but it does feel nice to have the sharp edges of one's duty a little softened off for one.

He was no particular kind of dog, but he was very smooth to stroke, and had a nice, soft, velvety feel to his eyes, which it was soothed to see. Then he softly and diffusedly showed his name. The name of the house dog before him was Faithful, and well it became him as his tombstone testified. The one before that was called Wolf. He was very wild and ended his days on the gallows, worrying.

The house dog never showed himself to the widow's knowledge. There was no reason whatever for giving him a bad name, and she thought of several good ones, such as Faithful and Trusty and Keeper, which are fine, old fashioned titles, but none of these seemed quite perfectly to suit him. So he was called Old, and, a very nice name it was.

The widow was only a poor woman, though she contrived by her industry to keep her home together, and to get one new and another little comfort for herself and child.

One day she was going out on business, and she called her little daughter and said to her, "I am going out for two hours. You are too young to protect yourself and the house, and you must stay home."

Faithful was. But when I go, she said,

she will stay away. With this summer's savings I have bought a quilted petticoat for you and a cloak for myself against the winter, and if I get the work I am after to day, I shall buy enough wool to knit another one for us both. So be patient till I return, and then we will have the pine cake for us."

"Thank you, mother."

"Bloody my, my child. Be sure you do just as you are told," said the widow.

"Very well, mother."

Little Joan laid down her doll, and shut the house door, and fastened the big bolt. It was very gloomy, and the kitchen looked dark and gloomy when she had done it.

"I wish mother had taken us all three

with her, and had locked the house, and

put the key in her big pocket, as she has done before," said little Joan, as she got into the rocking chair to pass her doll to sleep.

"Yes, it would have done just as well,"

she replied, as he nestled himself on the hearth.

By-and-by Joan grew tired of hush-

ing the doll, who looked more the sleeper for it, and she took the three-legged stool and sat down in front of the clock to watch the hands. After a while she drew a deep sigh.

"There are sixty seconds in every single minute, So-so," said she. "So-he had not found a bit, and the cake was on the top shelf. There was not so much as a crumb, though he snuffed in every corner, and still he stood smiting under the house door."

"The air smells fresh," he said.

"It's a beautiful day, I know," said little Joan. "I wish mother had allowed us to sit on the doorstep. We could have taken care of the sun."

"Just as we are," said So-so.

Little Joan came to smell the air at the key hole, and, as So-so had said, it smelt very fresh.

"It's not just exactly what mother told us to do," said little Joan, "but I do believe."

"It would do just as well," said So-so.

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Little Joan

OCTOBER.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The leaves are due, and the autumn sun
has a crimson glow, for autumn's glory
has come at last. But the still perfect
in a tender lay its golden story.

Of grassy green, of golden brown,
of golden yellow, all blosoms in rose bloom,

With withered flowers on the waded plain.

Or time passing a whistling gale.

Though much we have seen, still little rest,
And still the day is only frosty evening.

Yet the long day still has a radiant gleam,
As we sit by the fire, all blosoms together.

Then let us turn from the fading grass,

From the tree tops now so green and sober,

To our friend's warm grace, most sigh also.

But still the gales of life sweep on.

Our friends' warm grace, most sigh also.

But still the gales of life sweep on.

OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD.

Still are the sides that I have ride,
And still the road is long, and still the tide.

Nothing they find, though they do not get
out on the glorious ocean wide.

Still are the hills, the trees, the sea,

Land, and miles from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships, in the tempest bound,
Wing the waves till the sea is crossed;

Then winds new backward, and laughs

So late.

At every step, that are you sleep,
Land and hours from the ships on the deep!

MABEL'S VICTORY;

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEMLOCK," "GLORY WINE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

A light steamer was coming up the state—lady, dog, ducklings, going to her room.

"He stood outside to let her pass, when a little hysterical cry made him look up to find himself face to face with Mabel Leslie.

For a moment he thought his senses must be leaving him, and that the white face, with its large, lustrous eyes, must be the reflection of some sort of a dream; but she uttered his name in an accent of pinions entreaty, and in a moment had clasped her to his heart and was covering her face with kisses.

"My darling! my darling!" he murmured. "I thought I had lost you! On, on, on, I have! I have lost you, you can't write—why did you not answer my letter?"

He looked at her, shuddering again.

"Not another!" she said. "I did, nay, waited till I nearly died out of despair for a kiss from you. I thought I had been too far out in what I said that you were angry and spurned my poor love. It was all I could give, Arthur!"

Mr. Leslie's words flushed into his mind. "Where her father is their woman's thoughts, and he had in the first place turned on him that they had been both duped.

There was no doubt of her truth now that her eyes looked into his.

She sank down herself on his couch in the drawing-room of her old home, but there is a freemasonry in gladness, and she, too, knew that the heart that beat against her own was as true as steel.

Arthur pushed open the door of his sitting-room.

"Come in here, my darling," he said.

"This room is mine, or was."

"Your!"

"Yes. Did you not know? I have been living here—this man's secretary—in the secret of his home, where you may never know! Ah, my own Mabel, I cannot believe that you are really here again. I feel though I was in some blissful dream, from which I should wake not here, but here, here, here, my darling! Are you the same as my own? Come, we have got ready for you."

"I suppose so. They have put me into it. I feel so out of place and unhappy there—at least, I did till I met you."

"And your father is the friend who is going to teach you with Mabel and show you the world?"

"Yes," she replied, her tears starting as she spoke. "And I am to go with them. Oh, Arthur, I cannot tell you all now, but I feel so pain, so humiliated, I have gone through so much out in India, and part of me used to be so happy, so full of news of that awful will. I have wished many times that I could die and get out of it. I thought you must be dead, Arthur, and that I should never see you again."

Very little explanation was needed before the two met.

They both passed to where they were laded for the long weeks of suspense they had passed, and Arthur secretly vowed he would pay Colonel Leslie some day for the pain he had suffered.

"It is all over now, Mabel," he said. "There is no chance. I shall never be anything but a poor man."

"I feel as though I were a rich woman now I am with you again," she said, in loving response. "We shall not fear poverty again, Arthur."

Once more she took her in his arms and kissed her.

"My wife that is to be," he said. "That shall be, I think. We will not wait for leave, Queen Mab. Your father cannot know that you are here, and I will see him, and with his new hopes and plans about Mr. Leslie, I do not think he will take you away from me when once you are mine."

"I do not think her will," said Mabel, with a sigh and a smile at the same time. "I have been so refractory lately that I fancy he will be glad to rid of me!"

The door flew open as she spoke, and the Colonel strode in with a fierce look. He had been looking for his daughter, and he had found her, and she might be with Mr. Leslie now, he had been hearing for the first time of Arthur's release at Whitehead.

He had been taking a good deal of wine and he chose to bluster and use all sorts of opprobrious epithets to his daughter and her lover.

They had ended the meeting. Arthur Dallas had set a trap for Mabel to damage her reputation, etc., to all which Arthur replied in a cool fashion that acted like oil against locked doors at night, and had left it unfastened. Never again, she vowed to Arthur, would she let him go, and came home with Mr. James Leslie without keeping herself secure from his nournal visits.

She waited patiently for the daylight, which came early this bright spring weather, and eagerly examined the packet

this meeting, till an hour since I believed her still in India. For the future I have but to say good-bye to my mother there and leave the house."

He had never spoken to Bellairs, with anything but respect before, all the time he had served him, but his contempt for him had risen beyond control now, and he sent a sting into words that made the man writh as he heard them.

"Keep up your courage, my darling," he said to Mabel. "I am to stand strong again."

And pressing her to his breast, regardless of her father's presence, he bade her adieu, and went down with Bellairs to make a final settlement with him and Whitelocke, as he believed, for the last time.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

Colonel Leslie disappeared into his own room when Arthur Dallas came down with his host. He was a capital hand at blustering and angry words, but it may be that he did not feel fully in the young man's power for all that knowing well that this young people must have come to some sort of an explanation.

He never felt quite at ease with his daughter. Mabel obeyed him in every thing but had her own independent ways, and he had to be very careful with her, for he was a doting and affectionate daughter, but he had given her full the respect that should go with love was wanting, and that his pampered child shrank from the daily dignity of his daily and scrubbing him. He had given her also a small sum of money in Arthur's company to tell him that he had pressed and preferred James Leslie, both by letter and personally, till at length he won his way into the position with him which he deserved.

His great day had been had in a very little time, and the two had managed to exchange confidences on many matters. Bellairs little guessed that his new friend's daughter knew of Arthur's suspicion and his hopeless end, and was prepared to tell him every thing he had done, till he went with his word sharper intentions and more anxiety than a paid detective.

Mabel watched Arthur walk down the avenue as far as the light would let her with a humor full of hope and joy that had come to her in the days of her life, and when he had uttered his name in an instant of pinions entreaty, and in a moment had clasped her to his heart and was covering her face with kisses.

"My darling! my darling!" he murmured. "I thought I had lost you! On, on, on, I have! I have lost you, you can't write—why did you not answer my letter?"

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"I suppose so. They have put me into it. I feel so out of place and unhappy there—at least, I did till I met you."

"And your father is the friend who is going to teach you with Mabel and show you the world?"

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

which had so strangely come into her possession.

Inside the brown paper was another smaller packet, a blue muslin envelope, and inside it Mrs. Dallas's signature, bearing the family arms, and directed:

"To my dear nephew, Arthur Dallas.

To be delivered to him by my good friend, General Montagu, one month after my will is read.

"With love to all."

"The interesting letter Arthur was right.

There after all, and Bellairs had not destroyed it. What should she do? She must get away, and alone, during the day, and place it in the lawyer's hands.

Some excuse would present itself, doublets, but now that he had been so impudent, she would not be able to get away.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

Although the subject of material has been up for several discussions; it is now up much with fresh subjects; and our readers are invited to contribute to the discussion.

The winter materials are charming in color, as well as in texture, the latter being a combination of soft and fine.

With the plain colored materials there is some harmony, though the brooches are in a different fashion from that which actuates them.

With the more elaborate materials, however, the brooches are in a style which is more appropriate.

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With the plain colored materials, the brooch